massartisse

Sandra Graves

Concerning us!...

written by CAROLINE RUTSTEIN

illustrated by WILLIAM TORREY

We are the "D.P.'S." The course was set at one time listed as Drawing and Painting , and the name "D.P.'S" stuck forever and ever. Actually, the course today is listed as Painting and Illustration.

Hanging in the north end of the building are portraits with tomato-hued noses which represent Patrick Gavin's limitless criticisms and forceful hand. Mr. Gavin is the most important instructor during our Junior year. He intensifies the importance of the study of the human form. The body is intergrated in almost every phase of art, more so in painting. This is echoed and re-echoed by Mr. O'Hara, who shapes our basic thinking by exposing us to the nightmares of the commercial world, which is forever trying to swallow us, or so we think.

The greatest part of being a "D.P." is the Senoir year and Mr. Philbrick. He is beloved and respected as a teacher and artist. Mr. Philbrick is the gentle puncturer of our inflated egos, and a sincere guide in our development toward good taste.

We develop our more abstract techniques under the keen eye of Mr. Kupferman, whose hard, fast judgement of the work we do keeps us bristling and interested.

Mr. Thompson of the design course is another link to the commercial world. Behind that cigar smoke lies unbounded tolerance.

Our courses are supplemented by the usual academics, and for some odd reason the teachers are more curious to obtain our views on various subjects! This is probably because we are inclined to find the more aesthetic side of all concerned. Or maybe the faculty simply tries to incite us to a little more work; the general attitude is to use psychology upon us.

Miss Munsterburg leads our aesthetic discussions and keeps us on the run to other artists' showings and exhibits.

The "D.P.'S" are intense, serious students. We have no placement bureau, and most of us go on to graduate studies. It is the type of course where you paint because you love to paint. If you don't like to paint or draw all the time, then it's not for you.

We aren't trying to be different; we are different. Come in and see us. We are in the north end of the building.....We are the "D.P.'S".

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the strange case of J.P. Mallett

written and illustrated

BY loz

"Very interesting," mumbled Mr. McSwiggin, the famous Industrial Designer, as he pondered over the rough sketches. "Of course it will take time, not to mention the expense--." "Hang the price!" bellowed J.P. Mallett, internationally known sportsman, "Do you think you can build one?" The designer tapped his 12H lightly on his forehead, and said in a very reassuring voice, "Yes--but will there be much call for round pool tables? People are interested in 'Do It Yourself' projects and Ernest Hemingway these days."

Mallet broad-jumped over the paisely butterfly chair and blurted out,"I don't care about other people. I want ONE, o-n-e, ONE round pool table for MYSELF." McSwiggin seemed puzzled.

"You wonder why?" stormed Mallett, using a free-form ash tray as a discus and hurling it out the open window.

"Read the papers,man! Every sport known to man, I, J.P. Mallett, internationally known sportsman, have mastered. I have more trophies than Harvard Medical has bottles. Golf, tennis, bean-bag, ping pong -----EVERYTHING is like putty in my hands. I want a sport IMPOSSIBLE to master." The shaken man was now in tears.

"Gad, man," he blubbered, throwing a hammer-lock on the designer,"I'm getting an inferiority complex!!"

"---Do you think you can build one? "

The price was estimated. The huge design department cast aside all other efforts to concentrate on the new and unusual project. Six months from planning to the first trial.

Mallett grew impatient. A craving for nightly games over the round pool table became incessant. His mind was starving, his fingers twitching for HIS new sport. Then one day, pondering his predicament, he realized that a long vacation would be just the thing. EUROPE!! Return when the round pool table is finished! What a great idea!

Mallett absorbed the foreign atmosphere relaxing in the warm sunshine and occasionally winning a cross-country road race or a jai a lai tournament to pass the time.

The months mellowed and dropped away. Soon the project would be finished. The last, long week crept by, and Mallett eagerly dashed off a telegram:

WELL?----------J.P.

A short time later, the tele-type clicked out the long awaited answer:

NOW!!----------Mc S.

The sleek,chartered plane sped over the Atlantic, carrying Mallett closer to his round pool table.

"Of course I'll need new rules--and maybe I'll use square balls to make it interesting," he thought wildly, pounding his fists together, which greatly annoyed an elderly lady jewel thief sitting next to him.

Then it happened.

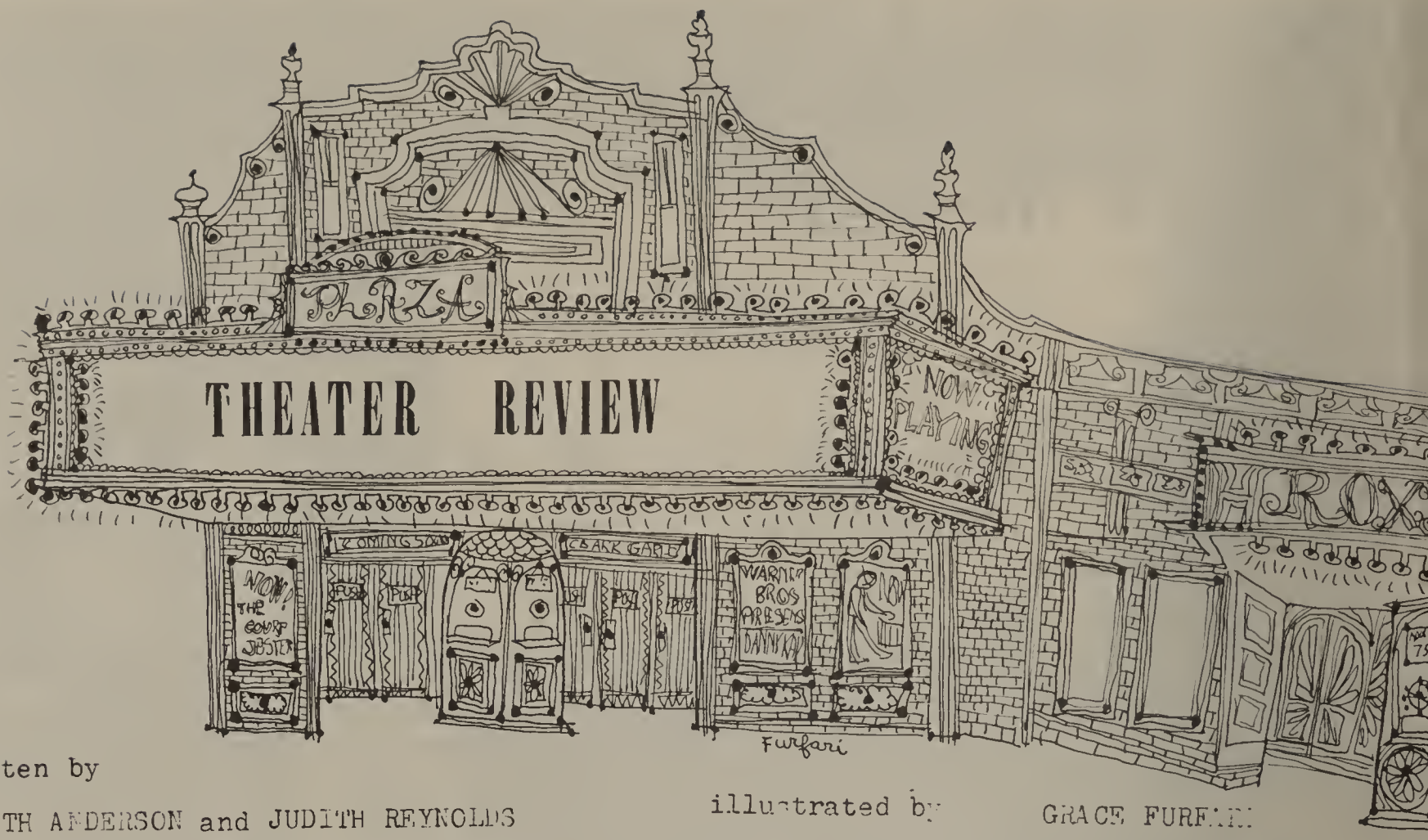
The motors sputtered and died, leaving only the swishing sound outside the craft. "Golly Gee," yelled the pilot, kicking the control board, "I forgot to stop for gas!"

And the plane darted downward to the sea below.

Mc Swiggin mechanically laid the newspaper with the fatal account aside and reached for the telephone.

"Get me the Curio Shop," he murmured into the receiver. "H'lo? Mr. Willot? This is Mr. Mc Swiggin, famous Industrial Designer. ---Do you know of anyone who wants to buy a round pool table?"

Jim Lozouski



THEATER REVIEW

written by

JUDITH ANDERSON and JUDITH REYNOLDS

illustrated by GRACE FURFARI

Movies are bigger and more numerous than ever if we are to believe March and April statistics. Among the half dozen films of more than routine interest, subject matter ranges from tubs to tattoos. I am referring, of course, to the magnificent Magnani in "The Rose Tattoo" and the all important bathtub in (don't tell the ending!) "Diabolique" at the Beacon Hill Theatre. The former, adapted from the Tennessee Williams play of the same name, deals with the lovings and leavings of a pair of tempestuous Sicilians. Burt Lancaster and the younger male lead are dismally inadequate as the respective suitors to hot-blooded Seraphina and her tremulous daughter Rosa (Marisa Pavan). Don't expect moralizing here, but if it's la tranche de la vie you're after, Tattoo is more pie than cake.

"Diabolique" provides one suspenseful moment after another as an improbable wife and mistress team up to do an irksome husband in.

A bevy of bountiful performances contribute to making "Picnic" (William Inge) a memorable evening, as aging campus hero, Bill Holden, electrifies a small Kansas town one fine summer day. Rosalind Russell is a good candidate for Best Supporting Actress, 1956 in her controversial role as a lonesome schoolteacher. In passing, it is only fair to note that the above film is not deserving of the "Screen-Shocker" build-up the ad men have insisted upon thus far.

Maris Pavan plays her second successful role as a shy and gentle creature (see Rose Tattoo) as a G. I. sweetheart in "Man in the Gray Flannel Suit". Gregory Peck in the fashionable suburbanite garb of the day comes through admirably with his solution to the yes-man dilemma, not before we share a few anxious moments with his wife Jennifer Jones, however.

"Court Jester" (Danny Kaye) and "Carousel" (Gordon MacRae-Shirley Jones) are fine in the just-for-fun musical department.

"Teahouse of the August Moon" starring Eli Wallach and Gene Blakely will continue through April twenty-first at the Colonial Theatre and perhaps with luck, another week. Winner of various Drama Critics' Awards last season, the play is light-hearted and thought-provoking...truly enjoyable entertainment.

As reminders...Tallulah in person for two weeks at the Shubert in "The Ziegfeld Follies" in a revue glorifying the American Girl... Alec Guiness, again, this time in "The Ladykillers" at the Kenmore...last, and we hope the best, Emerson College has scheduled a reading of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell " for May 13.

...coward, clown, traitor, idiot, dreamer, beast--

such was a poet and shall be and is

-who'll solve the depths of horror to defend
a sunbeam's architecture with his life;
and carve immortal jungles of despair
to hold a mountain's heartbeat in his hand

...E. E. Cummings

WHY POETRY ?

What good is poetry, anyway? Will it make us more physically attractive? Can it bring us recognition and acceptance from important people? Does it furnish us with less work or add to our comfort? Is it financially profitable?

All these are very good questions and if we examine poetry in this light I doubt if too much can be said on its behalf. And yet, many people read and enjoy poetry, and find their lives greatly enriched by it. We all know that "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree"...yet who would be so silly as to compare the creative abilities of man to those of God. And why call a man a fool when he attempts to express his innermost feelings about the infinite creations of God? What is poetry, who is a poet, and why are people greatly moved by his words?

Poetry is involved with man's most subtly-expressed thoughts. It is a misty thing which suffuses the atmosphere of literature and finds its way to the dreamer and idealist in us all. The source of poetry comes from the more-than-real reality of our existence. We are drawn to a reflection of ourselves, or tugged into almost inconceivable realms of fantasy. It can tell a story, make us laugh, expound a philosophy, paint a picture, create indescribable emotions...and set our minds churning in unrealized dimensions of thought, according to the substance of a poet's words.

A poet, just as a painter or a musician,is an artist who is affected by a stimulus and produces an echo of his feelings through his own medium of expression. In order to do this successfully, a poet must not only have a mastery of his medium- words- but must possess a type of sensitivity which enables him to absorb the profound intricacies of life that exist everywhere. He must have the ears of a musician in order to hear the music of words and be able to combine their consonance and dissonance into harmony. Far from being a fool, a poet must have the background of diligent study...in the arts, and in the myriad guises of human nature. He must be schooled in the lessons of the wind, the mountains, the grass and the sea, and feel the effects of these revalations within himself. With these attributes he writes his words to the world and to posterity.

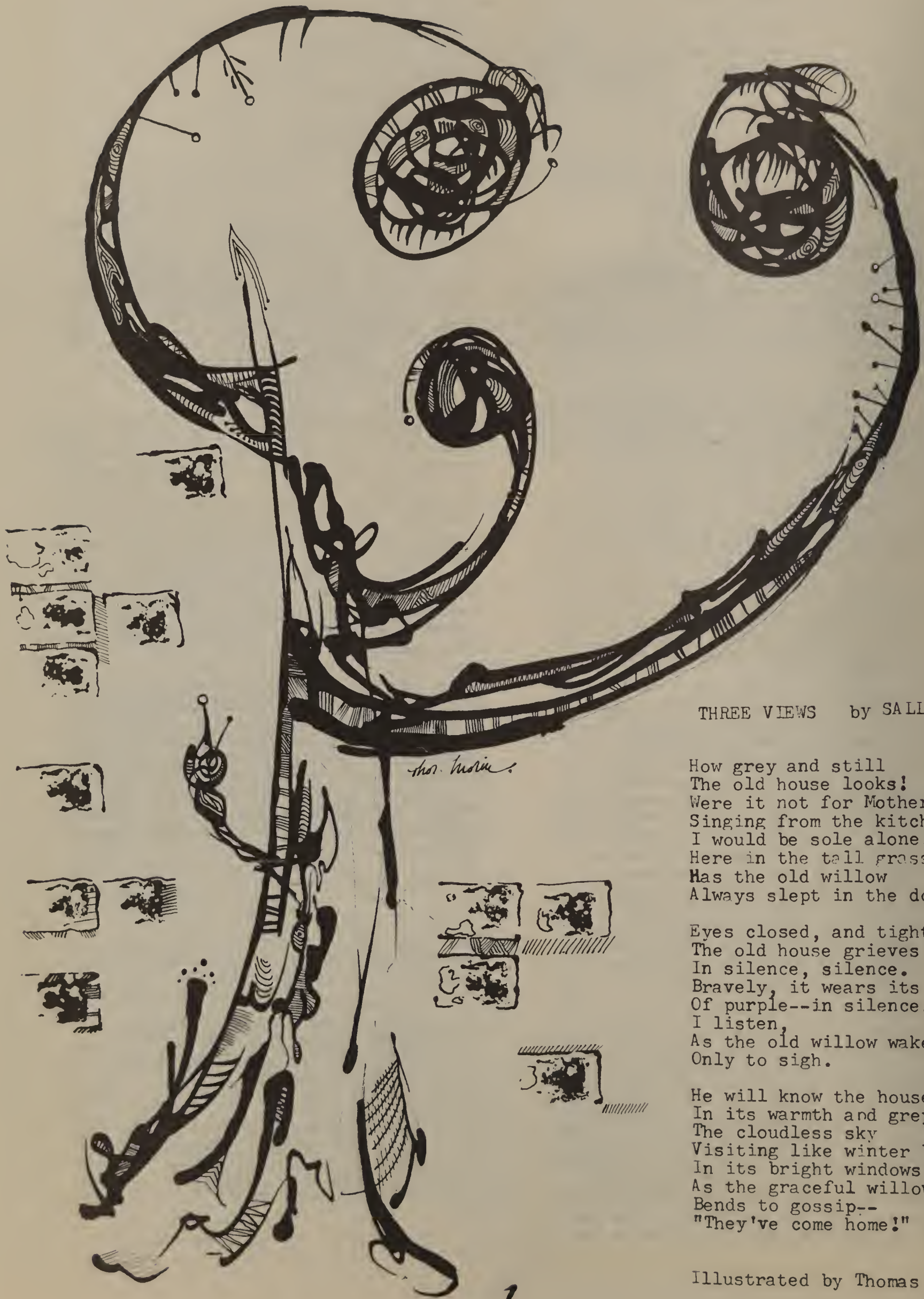
With the motion of turning a page covered with the printed words of a poet, one steps into a world of inexhaustible wonder and discovery. Here he finds his own dreams, thoughts, hopes and feelings expressed in a language of rhythm and imagery. When what a person values becomes obscured, poetry is his assurance that there still is and always will be beauty to be found, in spite of everything. After the turmoil of daily happenings, poetry brings a unique type of peace invaluable to those who have found its magic.

We are made more attractive, inwardly, from the depth of understanding which poetry provides. The recognition and acceptance involved deals with our realization of its truths. The comfort it provides is in the peace we derive from these "poetic truths", and the profit of poetry is in the enrichment of ourselves through its productive experience.

We

We are holes
from whose outward rush must
gush waters churning
emotion, sparkling moisture
building a river which
churns deep in others
We are holes
whose inward tow must
glow with waves of others
warmth, to preserve our
surrounding substance

...Fred Bazler



THREE VIEWS by SALLY WHITE

How grey and still
The old house looks!
Were it not for Mother's
Singing from the kitchen
I would be sole alone,
Here in the tall grass.
Has the old willow
Always slept in the dooryard?

Eyes closed, and tightly drawn
The old house grieves
In silence, silence.
Bravely, it wears its crown
Of purple--in silence.
I listen,
As the old willow wakens,
Only to sigh.

He will know the house
In its warmth and greyness--
The cloudless sky
Visiting like winter birds
In its bright windows,
As the graceful willow
Bends to gossip--
"They've come home!"

Illustrated by Thomas Morin

Oceanside

Shhhh... Shhhh...
Be still
Break not this quiet which surrounds.

The Fog hangs low.
It covers all
Where does it begin?
Where does it end?

There's water there... an ocean.
This is known...
It is not seen...
But, it is there.
Sense the calmness of it all...
The quiet stillness.

The gull cries once...
But not again;
It seems to sense
The stillness all around
And it, as part, must too
be still.

...Glenda Hilton

Perception

the bright and pliant

vulnerable

flesh of thoughts,
many-moleculed
and sequence-celled

forges elusive whichways

through the hulking
human
city, playing tag

with

time

....Helen Compton

I stood where the El was sky,
on moated cobblestones

leaning against the charcoal rib of the city,
noon wrapped under my arm

Down the street
something large and shapeless

Blundered out
and lurched away.

I saw the bus coming,
a mile deep in reflection,

With feelers outstretched
suckling the singing wires;

Stopping by me, dappling my shanks
with wet dirt,

I've seen a bit of wonder
on the bus...

A dusty seat
(rarer than virtue)

I left the bus at the fifty-dollar stop
and it for another day
was a machine.

Sometimes when I see the bus coming
I have a terrible longing

To make it
Juggernaut.

...Charles Higgins

Fantasia on "The Fountains of Villa d'Este", by Lisz.

See them,
See the sun play in, on, and among
the thousands of drops,
The multiple spirits,
The rush
The flush
The splash,
The circling pools.

Hear the birds sing in the trees
Hush,
For the sun is in full bloom
In full ripeness,
All old gold
Bold on the stone
Warm, broad, affectionate.

I drown in the fountains
And see the fantastic height and
breadth of the blue dome
of sky
Arc and bell,
Still,
Aloof and remote,
High above high above me.

...Robert Gilfoy

Chandelier of Night

I just peeked out the window
At a beautiful soft, pale sunset.
Violet smudged with pinky peach...
The trees are heavy with buds
And the silhouette of their branches
Etches the pink-orchid sky.

A half-dozen stars try on
Their early-evening tinsel.
The moon I can't quite see--
But I know it's there
It must be.
It wouldn't miss this skyline for the world.

It Will be Spring Someday

Snow from the last untimely storm
Melted. Winter, retreating slowly,
Sneers.

My Spring heart rushes,
Filled with fragmentary thoughts
And rushes blindly to nowhere,
Reaching, at last, a temporary finish-line,
Bursts with wonder,
Love,
And an unexplainable throbbing tenderness
For unexplainable things...
And I love to love.

When Spring is pink and yellow
Instead of tentative and snowdusted
Then I will be most happy,
To throw away winter...
And you in the warmth of another world
Will be glad, too, perhaps
For I will have no more complaints
About the weather, the season, the climate.

It will be Spring someday.

...Karyl Mader

Flight

Young soft bird
with small claws doubled

is afraid

perched tightly on tomb of wire

afraid.

fly through wounded space
and find a floating world
all textured bubbly.

you will not know of light
dead cell
live within

unless the wing
of soul

is found.

Daydream

The mirror touch
of forgetfulness

brushes robin-like
across my thoughts

pouring cloud forms
on dull hurts
and
desires inside

then drips carefully down
washing them
clean
with reason

...Sandra Graves

2 news · freshman sophomore

Three cheers for the imaginative Freshmen! The inspiration for the Variety Show came from two Freshmen-- Cyn Richards and Ellie Robinson. Many guys and dolls from the class have finally emerged to reveal hidden talents. You'll see Ronald Prevoir in a near-professional performance; Nancy Nichols is also perfecting an outstanding act; and Bill Mitzner, Ann Vaughan, Dennie Sullivan, Carol Reagan and Cynthia Richards have all joined the Upper-Classmen to prove that Mass. Art does not lack school spirit.

Aside from the fun this show will provide, it is being produced for a more serious purpose-- that of trying to prove whether or not the student body can decorate the building's front steps with something other than tobacco!

A wood-cut by JACK O'HARA

After-school hours have been overflowing with the activated construction of a variety show, of which Eleanor Robinson and Cynthia Richards are the originators. In need of a capable director, they chose Louis Bortone and are working along with him. Much credit is due to Norman Rizzi, whose stage-setting work at Boston University makes him more than qualified as co-director; and to Jack Marshall, who has offered his assistance along similar lines. Miss Lennon, Miss Hallam and Mr. Covert are the Faculty Advisors.

The show, consisting of skits, monologues, vocalists and dance routines. is being presented to stimulate school interest and to help provide funds for the landscaping of Mass Art's facade. It will be ready the first week in May, when there will be two performances-- one on a school afternoon and then an evening performance for guests, friends and alumni.

We sophomores can look forward to seeing Elaine Caliri, Carl Zidel, Billy Morrison, Barry Poretsky, Bob Alberetti, Patricia Urban, Bill MacDonald, Freddy Fiandaca and other classmates contributing.

The Spring Spree was a delight for our class. The congenial crowd enjoying themselves at the Party House was proof of the efforts of the Class Officers.

Junk yards are being raided-- hardware stores are thriving and parents are baffled as bits of abstract debris take on new meanings for members of Sophomore 2 and 3, who are hammering laboriously under the supervision of Mr. Covert. Meanwhile, would-be architects of Sophomore I and 4 are building ocean, lake and/or swamp houses which, however shocked Mr. Wright (as in Frank LLoyd) would be, look dubiously promising to Mr. Mansfield.

KENNETH IZZI

junior

February was a month of travel--- the vacation portion of the month, that is. That week saw many of us packing our portfolios and heading in several directions. The northbound contingent donned ski togs and aimed for North Conway ski slopes. The athletes were LIZ ADELHELM, MARY DESMOND, PAT AYTON, and PHYLLIS KRISHFIELD. All four survived, and returned unscathed.

In the delayed reaction department, NANINE TULLER did some skiing at Stowe, Vermont, returned also unscathed, and after a few ski rides down harmless neighborhood slopes, broke an ankle. Her glorious return to school after a few days' convalescence was heralded with appropriate cheers from the junior T.E. department.

Four other girls, sick of it all, packed bathing suits, bermuda shorts, and suntan lotion, and trekked south. Destination:Florida. For four days of tropical sun-drenched leisure, Fort Lauderdale Beach was decorated by SUZY DRAGHETTI, DIANE DEROSIER, BETTY NELSON, and your reporter, KARYL MADER. Sample beach data: water temperature-76 degrees; air temperature-82 degrees. Oh, how we hated to say goodbye to the palms and the Gulf Stream; but suddenly, face to face with New England snow, Monday morning Life class, and ultimate reality, it was all ancient history.

The Eastern Arts Association held its bi-annual convention in New York from March 11 to 14. Juniors who attended meetings were ELEANOR RYAN and CYNTHIA STRACHMAN.

WANTED: One dream-type apartment for two, near school, inexpensive, with all modern appointments, please. Contact ELAINE SELMAN, soon to be married.

KARYL MADER

Senior

Drawing and Painting Department

Senior painters and graphic artists seem to have hit their stride; and it would seem that they have reached that point where something distinctly unique and personal has entered their work, if we can judge by examples of their styles shown in the halls. We are able to tell now to whom each canvas belongs by the way the subject is interpreted, and the way the brush and media are used. It makes you feel again that special pride that goes with being a senior, and that sudden realization that these paintings not only indicate good senior work but also show promise for the future with which we will all be identifying ourselves very shortly.

Ceramics Department

This department, being represented as it is by only one student, need not take a back seat for numerical reasons. Beverly will soon have an exhibit of her work in the lobby where we shall be able to see for ourselves what has been keeping her holed up in the south-east corner all year.

Teacher Education Department

Our future boons to education keep pretty busy these days what with feverish attempts to whip their pet projects into acceptable thesis form. Most of the time they are buried beneath an amazing assortment of academic and craft homework. The building is certainly quiet without them on Tuesdays. If you could corner one of them for a minute, you might be able to find out about their recent interesting trip to New York.

Fashion Design and Illustration Department

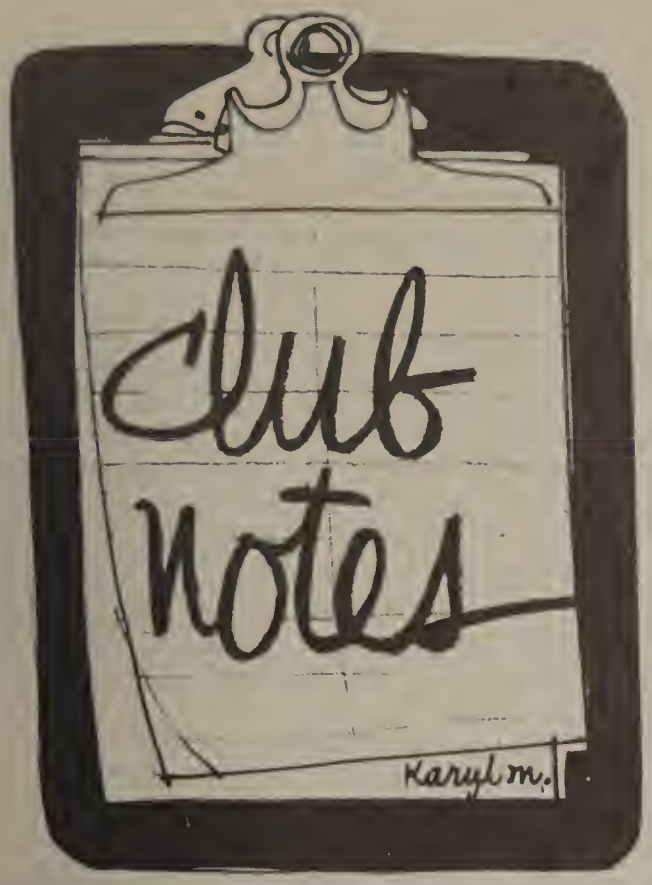
Fashion students, following the traditional practice, blossomed forth with beautiful new coats of the fashions they have designed, and the art work they do is any indication of their ability, their future is assured. They will do credit to Mass. Art.

Design Department

Design students are in the throes of portfolio-making and some pretty fancy shop work. As usual, they've put off as long as possible, and with tongue in cheek, ask if that isn't the way all artists work. By June, however, they hope to be able to climb up on their mighty sturdy plastic creations and coffee tables and shout, " I made it " along with the rest of the grads.

A contest was recently held in the Senior Design class for a functional and attractive package design. Bob James won first prize of $100, and Arthur Eilertson received second prize of $50.

FRANCIS HOBSON



COFFEE CLUB

The Coffee Club was organized in 1954 to meet the needs of students who wished to participate in an informal discussion group, unrelated to their organized courses, but rich in subject matter pertaining to artistic interests.

The success of this aim has been realized in the past meetings of this year. We have had guest speakers, and our own fellow students have shared with us their travel and study experiences. We have been honored to have, as our leader and gracious hostess, Miss Munsterberg.

Dr. Kellett, a prison chaplain, came to talk to us about art in the prison program, and to show us some of the prisoners' artistic work. Arnold Bass showed us in slides the zest of modern painters. Bill Childs and Arnold were once able to borrow a fabulous collection of religious serigraphs from the Zoltoph Galleries for one of our meetings. Doug Covey shared with us, film-wise, his summer trip West, and at Christmastime Miss Munsterberg entertained us at her home. Ralph Parenti brought as his guest Mrs. Russell G. Ryan, who had much to tell us about stained glass production. At our last meeting, which we opened to Sophomores, we had guests from each department in the school discussing the pro's and cons of their particular specialty. This meeting was both enlightening and enjoyable.

Our plans for the future include a few more happy times in Miss Munsterberg's "Haven". Of course we will continue hoping that there will be many more to join us.

NANCY WILDES

Looming ahead of us we find the April Convention(27, 28, &29) at Brandeis University. On the agenda for the weekend will be workshops, discussion groups, speakers, dances, and religious activities. You may attend one or two of the activities or the entire program. For tickets, see Jacqueline Perry.

Congratulations are in order for the following new officers:

President - Bob Alberetti
V. President - Frank Bryant
Secretary - Sylvia Panaro
Treasurer - Carol Regan
Social Chm. - Marie Howard
Fenway Circuit chm. - Ken Izzi

Another convention is scheduled for the last week in August at Northwestern University in Chicago.

After the big success of the spaghetti supper in February the MSA Newman Club plans to sponsor a night at the Pops, following attendance at dinner for the entire province.

Several members plan to attend a Day of Recollection in Hamilton, Mass.

Plans are being drawn up for members to make draperies, lamps, and ceramic pieces for the Newman Center.

A small final outing for dues paying members will be scheduled for May.

Another Province outing at Scituate will be held on May 30th. A cookout, games, swimming(if the water isn't too cold), dancing, and an impromptu talent show will be the order of the day. NON-MEMBERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

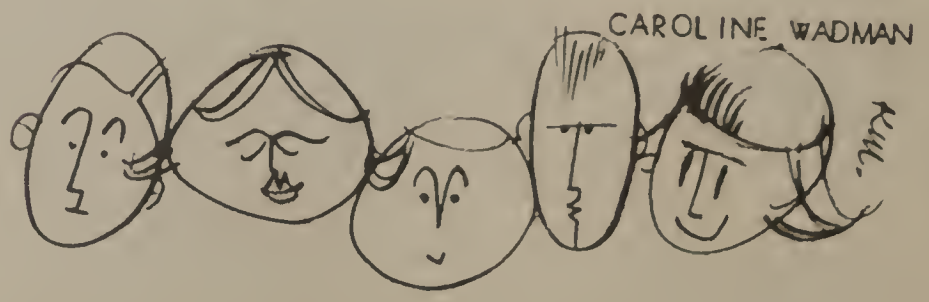
MARY FAULDS

CANTERBURY

A meeting of prime enjoyment was an evening at Miss Priscilla Lynn's with Allen Crite, who is a former graduate of our rival, the Museum School. He showed slides of work he has done in churches throughout the country and sang some of the spirituals which he has illustrated.

The school year seems to be coming to a close quickly, thus we have only three more meetings lined up. On April 4th we had a talk on the meaning of ecumenical.

Plans are also underway for a night at the Pops, to be preceded by a spaghetti dinner.



GALLERY HIGHLIGHTS

DIANE LAKEY and ROBERT ALBERETTI

illustrated by
MARY FAULDS

As we stepped into the charming Swetzoff Gallery, 123 Newbury Street, on a dreary February day, we found vibrant colors, bold strokes and dynamic designs. We were looking at the exhibit of an impressionist, Lawrence Kupferman. Even the frames were part of his compositions. Only a sensitive man could receive such inspirations and portray them in color and form as he does. Mr. Kupferman makes use of many techniques; one especially prevalent in the show was the floating of water color sediments. One of his most interesting paintings, we found, was "Night Harbor" where the mood was blue, with spots of white and black. The use of metallic was illustrated in a work called "Glory Also the Star." All the paintings in this show represented the vitality of the artist's personality.

At the Museum of Fine Arts, we had the privilege of seeing German drawings from February 15 through March 18. This exhibit, which is touring the United States, has already been shown in Washington, Cleveland and San Francisco; after Boston, it went to Toledo. Adam Elsheimer and Wenzel Hollar illustrated the 17th century works; Daniel Cholowiecki and Angelica Kauffman, the 18th century. "The Source and the Valley of the Elbe" by Caspar David Friedrich was one of the fine drawings from the 19th century group. Here was an opportunity to see the "greats" of German art over five centuries. The Collection also included Albrecht Durer, Mathias Grunewald, the younger and older Holbeins, and the father-and-son teams of Lucas Cranach and Hans Burgkmair. Mediums used were pen-and-ink engravings, etchings, wash drawings, chalks, wood cuts, lithographs, water colors, colored inks and metal paints. Purity of line, sureness of execution, and a searching eye characterized the German artist. Outstanding in the collection were Durer's "Standing Apostle," Kauffman's "Portrait of a Woman," and of course, Kaethe Kollowitz's "Self-Portrait."

Also at the Museum was the exhibit of "The Boston Society of Water-Color Painters" from February 22 through March 18. These paintings were either wholly realistic or semi-abstract. Aside from the many teachers from our school represented were Alexandra Bradshaw, whose style was soft and refreshingly spring-like. Loring W. Coleman and Phillip Hicken also exhibited very forceful works. William Maynard represented decorative descriptions of the city in his painting called "Situation." Harry Sutton, Jr.'s "Portrait" was very well done; the subject was a young girl in green and red. The candidate guests were Ruth Cobb, Margaret Philbrick, Xavier Gonzalez, Hugh Price, and Lawrence Kupferman; all were outstanding. Tom O'Hara won the M. H. Ross Co. Award of Merit, and Tomas Sgouras won the Webster Award of Honor.

The Boston Society of Independant Artists, Inc., sponsored its 22nd Annual Exhibition Tuesday, April 3, through April 22 at the Museum of Fine Arts. The entry fee for any painters of sculptors interested was five dollars.

Those interested in photography had a chance to see a very worth-while exhibit by Edward Weston at the Sandle Gallery. This impressive showing comprised portraits and close-ups of nature and revealed a great deal of sensitivity; his "purist" works are 8 x 10 photos with no retouching whatsoever. Also in the photography field, at the Museum of Science was a collection of pictures which had been awarded blue ribbons in the 1955 National Amateur Photography Contest. The subject matter was mostly animals and children.

Alexander Davis, Kahn, and Feininger are names synonymous with modern art. All three artists' works have been shown at the Museum of Contemproary Art. (By the way -- Sundays are free! Weekdays 25 cents, but well worth it.)

An exhibition of water colors by Charles Demetropoulos, Raymond A. Fitz-Gerald, and MacIvor Reddie was shown at the Guild of Boston Artists, January 31 through February 11. Mr. Demetroupolous and Fitzgerald showed much similarity in style and subject matter, but both were fine exhibits.

At the Childs Gallery, Pietro Pezzate exhibited portraits and landscapes in oils and watercolors from February 6 through 25. Ruth Cobb, Hillsmith, Sherman, Zerbe and Zubel were all represented at the Shore Gallery druing February. There were also some fine things by Christensen, such as "Boston Buildings," and Ruth Cobb's watercolors were delightful.